



FORMAL  
*Grand Opening*  
Tomorrow OF OUR NEW STORE Two-Thirty

A royal welcome will greet you as you enter the new home of

**SCHWARTZ BROS., Inc.**

76-78-80-82 MAIN STREET

We are proud of the achievement, and with sincere feeling thank the public of Norwich and surrounding townships, that have given us their faithful and continuous support, which has made it possible for us to build our new home.

2.30 to 5.30 p. m. 7.30 to 12.00 midnight

No Goods Sold This Day

MUSIC  
DANCING

REFRESHMENTS  
SOUVENIRS

**POETRY**  
**MY MOUNTAIN NOOK.**  
I know a little rock-bound nook  
That peeps upon the mountain side,  
And there I go to rest and look  
Whence by care and trouble tried.  
There seated 'twixt the sky and earth  
My heart partakes the joy of each  
And thoughts come to me to tell  
That nowhere else my soul can rest.  
In that pure air the problems that vex  
And baffle in the vale below  
No longer there my brain perplex  
Like fevered mists they sink and go.  
My soul—what matters whence it bled  
Through my veins the life of blood?  
What choice was mine? Not I that dared  
Why should I harbor any fear?  
Brought here on earth without my will—  
I could not even choose the day  
Come grief or joy, come good or ill,  
Here must I tell my life away.  
Here must I watch the beauty bright  
And what I love that I love  
And with a brain bereft of light  
Strive to surmise some high belief.  
So in my mountain nook I muse  
And learn to let earth's cares go by  
For if I gain or if I lose  
Not mine the hand that cast the die.  
Mine eye cannot, however it strain,  
Perceive the end of such must be  
And I must, pliantly, sink or swim  
Endure the fate that fate decrees.  
So let my soul be care-free  
My heart beat on in even rhythm  
What am I in my mountain nook?  
A mote upon the wing of time  
There's nothing that is mine to me;  
If I be made of light or dust  
What can I do? I cannot die.  
Naught's left but hope, and hope—I  
Must.  
—Samuel Minton Peck, in Boston Transcript.

**SOUNDS.**  
I woke as midnight turned upon its purple  
hinges,  
And heard the sounds day hides within  
the core of silence.  
I heard the shadows running races in the  
garden.  
The lonely dew that wept beside the  
sleeping lilies.  
I heard the static play hymns on gold  
and silver organs.  
I heard the moths steal honey from the  
dripping roses.  
The fairies slipping patterns out of  
crimson gauzes.  
The cocoons spinning wings of black and  
yellow spangles.  
I heard the forest chant a story to its  
children  
As I awoke at midnight.  
I woke as midnight turned upon its purple  
hinges  
And heard the mosses sprouting on the  
rotting shingles.  
I heard the cobwebs weaving garments  
for the rafters.  
Lost echoes searching up and down the  
dusty stairway.  
I heard the attic stop and step among  
the spiders.  
I heard the gnomes that sit and midget  
on the bedposts.  
The "things" that rock in empty chairs  
and set them creaking.  
One secret sound was stranger far than  
all the others.  
I heard a laugh that had been left among  
the worries.  
As I awoke at midnight.  
—Jennie Harris Oliver, in New York Herald.

**HUMOR OF THE DAY**  
"How can you distinguish genuine  
pearls from good imitations?"  
"It's quite simple. Just examine the  
price tag."—Judge.  
"The De Kalb County Herald speaks  
truly when it says: 'One trouble with a  
lot of people is that their enthusiasm is  
too big about little things and too little  
about big things.'—Boston Transcript."  
"G. Percy Flubdub, eh? Wonder what  
the G stands for?"  
"Must stand for something horrible. It  
he shivers it in favor of Percy."—Louis-  
ville Courier-Journal.  
"Pa, this story says the news took her  
breath away," started Clarence.  
"Read on, son; the next paragraph will  
probably tell you she caught her breath,"  
mopped Pa.—Brooklyn Eagle.  
"Well, how many orders did you get  
yesterday?"  
"I got two orders in one place."  
"That's the stuff! What were they?"  
"One was to get out and the other was  
to stay out."—Boston Post.  
"Spring is here."  
"Yes."  
"But consider the fashions. These have  
knees are really alarming."  
"Well, we made fun of open work."—  
Louisville Courier-Journal.  
Guest—Do you require payment in ad-  
vance?  
Hotel Manager—Why or that depends  
on whether or not your luggage is the  
emotional kind.  
Guest—Emotional kind?  
Manager—Yes—easily moved, you  
know.—Boston Transcript.  
Prof. Redmond (padding the results ob-  
tained from the induction of the voice):  
Did I ever tell you the story of the actor  
who could read a menu so as to make his  
audience weep?  
Freshman (strangely moved)—He must  
have read the prices.—New York Mar-  
cury.

**KALEIDOSCOPE**  
There are 671,900 public school pupils  
in the Philippines, 40 per cent. girls.  
The house fly kills 1,000 infants every  
year in England by conveying to them  
the germs of various infant diseases.  
Carnival Sunday in Vienna, the last  
Sunday before Lent, is the favorite day  
for weddings and this year 1,000 cere-  
monies took place.  
Ants had developed their present high-  
ly organized society long before our  
aplike ancestors had settled down into  
communities.  
The ancient palaces of Rome show  
traces of elevators—vertical passages  
—the stones on the landings worn deep  
by the ropes which were used to hoist  
the primitive elevators of those days.  
The year 1921, according to the re-  
cords of thirty-seven companies, com-  
prising figures for 27,000,000 lives, was  
the healthiest year in the whole history  
of the United States and Canada.  
Among the 120 different kinds of bac-  
teria and other organisms taken from  
the bodies of house flies by different in-  
vestigators are infantile diarrhea, ty-  
phoid fever, anthrax, food poisoning,  
amoebic dysentery, shigellosis, leprosy,  
tapeworms, hookworms, bubonic plague,  
conjunctivitis, summer complaint, tub-  
erculosis, green pus, enteritis, trachoma,  
erysipelas, gas gangrene, stomach  
worms, pinworms, and ophthalmia.  
Magnetic storms manifest themselves  
by their effect on electrical apparatus  
and are visible as the aurora borealis.  
Because such storms frequently coincide  
with sun spots, it is believed that the  
atmosphere of the earth is in some way  
ionized by the sun. The sun spots are  
believed to shoot charges of electrons  
into space as a shotgun discharges shot.  
When the earth gets into the path of a  
bombardment we have auroral displays  
and magnetic disturbances.  
French geologists have long taken in-  
terest in the eastward march of the  
sands along the northern coasts of  
France, Belgium and Holland. A fine  
sand originating on the shores of Nor-  
mandy has been found distributed on  
the beaches as far east as Denmark. It  
was shown, after a careful investigation  
of this phenomenon, that the eastward  
march of the sands is due to the fact  
that all the sea waves approaching the  
coast from Brittany break in nearly  
parallel lines with an easterly mo-  
tion. The result is that the sands always  
progress in that direction. But the pro-  
gress is slow and gradual, and measur-  
ments have proved that the sand trav-  
els, forward and backward, perpendicu-  
lar to the shore, a total distance 2,504  
times as great as that which it covers in  
the same length of time in its eastward  
progress.